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# MIRACLEMAN

## Nº 7

™

FLOOD CONTROL COMICS

GULACY '86

MY SOFT BODY JUST STANDS HERE, INNARDS PROTECTED BY NOTHING MORE STURDY THAN SKIN, USELESS AS **PAPER.**

I CAN'T **MOVE.** MY MIND'S LIKE A **DANCEHALL FIRE,** A CROWD OF TERRIFIED VOICES ALL SCREAMING INSTRUCTIONS AT ONCE...

(THE DOG DRIPS BLOODY SLOBBER AND CRUNCHES ITS MOUTHFULL OF RAZORS TOGETHER.)

ONE VOICE SCREAMS "**RUN**", ANOTHER BELLOWS "**SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT!**", A THIRD PLEADS WITH ME TO REMAIN STILL...

A DOZEN FRANTIC OPTIONS, ALL HOPELESSLY UNWORKABLE. IN THE BURNING DANCEHALL THEY'RE HAMMERING AND POUNDING, BUT THE **FIREDOORS** ARE **LOCKED.**

(THE DOG CROUCHES, AND ITS MUSCLES HUMP AND GRIND LIKE RUTTING BEASTS BENEATH THE STEAMING LEATHER SHEETS OF ITS FLANKS.)

IT'S GOING TO JUMP.

I RAISE CREAM'S GUN...

(IT HAS FURIOUS EYES, AND AN ERECTION. IT HAS A DEAD MAN ON ITS BREATH...)

...AND THEN THE GUN IS *GONE*...

...AND TWO OF THE FINGERS THAT WERE *HOLDING* IT...

AAAA! AAAAAAAA!

...AND MY SOFT BODY JUST *STANDS* HERE, MAKING ITS SOFT NOISES.

# BODIES

ALAN MOORE: *WRITER* · CHUCK BECKUM: *ARTIST* RON COURTNEY: *COLORIST*
WAYNE TRUMAN: *LETTERER* CAT® YRONWODE: *EDITOR*

WELL? HAS SHE CEASED **WHIMPERING** YET?

THE SEDATIVES HAVE TAKEN EFFECT, HERR DOKTOR. SHE SLEEPS.

GOOD. WHILE SHE CARRIES THE CHILD THERE MUST BE NO UNNECESSARY **STRESS**. SHE MUST BE TREATED WITH **CARE** AND **RESPECT**.

**AFTER** THE NATIVITY, YOU CAN GIVE HER TO THE **MEN**.

SPEAKING OF WHOM, YOU HAD BEST DISPATCH A PARTY TO FIND WHATEVER REMAINS OF **CREAM** AND **MORAN**.

THEY LEFT FORTY MINUTES AGO. PLUTO WILL BE FINISHED WITH THEM BY NOW.

I WANT TO SEE THE **BODIES**.

IS IT **SAFE** TO SEND OUT MEN? THE **DOG** IS NOT **BACK** YET, HERR DOKTOR...

AH, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. HE LIKES TO **PLAY**...

...BUT HE IS A **CLEVER** LITTLE DOG. HE KNOWS HE HAS ONLY AN **HOUR**, AND WILL NOT SPORT FOR TOO **LONG**. HE'LL RETURN **SOON**...

SEND OUT THE MEN, AND TELL THEM NOT TO **WORRY** IF THEY EN-COUNTER **PLUTO**.

HE'LL HAVE EATEN.

(THE DOG LANDS, STRIKING THE GROUND WITH ITS GREAT BLACK FIST OF A BODY, HARD ENOUGH TO SHAKE THE TREES.)

MY FINGERS. IT'S EATEN MY FINGERS.

(THE DOG SPITS, A SPRAY OF CRIMSON, A SHOWER OF IRON CONFETTI, THEN GRUNTS AND ROLLS ITS EYES.)

THE *GUN*. IT CHEWED UP THE GUN! IS IT TELLING ME HOW *HELPLESS* I AM? OH GOD, IS IT *PLAYING* WITH ME?

(THE DOG GNAWS A FINGERNAIL THOUGHTFULLY AND CONSIDERS. A FOOT NEXT, PERHAPS? A WHOLE LEG?)

I'M FINISHED. IT'LL NEVER ALLOW ME *TIME* TO WAIT OUT GARGUNZA'S *OVER-RIDE* AND CHANGE TO *MIRACLEMAN*...

(THE DOG DECIDES: BOTH FOREARMS, TO THE ELBOW. IT FLATTENS ITS BELLY AGAINST THE NIGHT GRASS, TAIL WAGGING.)

IT'S EVEN MORE HOPELESS THAN WITH *JOHNNY BATES*. THERE'S *NO* CHANCE THAT *THIS* CREATURE WILL SAY ITS *KEY WORD* ACCIDENTALLY. IT CAN'T *SPEAK*. EXCEPT...

(THE DOG TENSES...)

...EXCEPT HOW *DOES* IT CHANGE BACK? HOW DOES IT CHANGE *BACK* IF IT CAN'T SAY ITS BLOODY *WORD*?

(...AND LEAPS...)

AAAAAAAA!

WHAT IS IT?

A-A BODY. THE DOG HAS BEEN AT IT...

WHICH ONE? THE DOCTOR WILL WANT TO KNOW.

I..I DO NOT KNOW. THE HEAD IS MISSING...

IDIOT! IS IT THE BLACK ONE OR THE WHITE ONE?

IT'S THE BLACK. THE WHITE ONE NO DOUBT LIES DEAD NEARBY.

YES, I SUPPOSE SO.

I-IT SEEMS SUCH A PITY THAT HE HAD TO DIE, WHEN HE ATTACKED THE RANCH... HIS OTHER BODY. IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL...

HA HA! HEINZ IS IN LOVE.

NO. HE WAS A VISION... THAT BLONDE HAIR. THOSE BLUE EYES...

WHEN I WAS A YOUTH, OUR LEADERS SPOKE OF A NEW KIND OF MAN. AN UBER-MENSCH, JA?

I SAW HIM THEN, IN MY MIND. I SAW HIM AGAIN, TONIGHT.

WE WAITED FOR HIM TO COME FOR FORTY YEARS... AND THEN WE KILLED HIM.

IT IS ALWAYS THE WAY, HEINZ...

IT IS ALWAYS THE WAY.

IT'S COMING. ONLY SECONDS LEFT NOW...

THE DOG CAN'T SAY ITS OWN *KEYWORD*. GARGUNZA HAS TO SAY IT *FOR* HIM. WHAT *WAS* IT? WHAT WAS THE *WORD*? WHAT DID HE *SAY*?

UHHFF

IT WAS SOMETHING FROM HERMAN HESSE. DEMIAN? NO. SIDDATHA? NO...

STEPPENWOLF.

WHOOM!

AAAAA!

I CAN'T *HEAR*, AND MY FACE AND CHEST ARE ALL *BURNED*, BUT THE *DOG*... THE DOG HAS *CHANGED*. IT STANDS THERE IN THE SMOKE, GROGGY AND CONFUSED.

I PICK UP A ROCK FROM THE GRASS AT MY FEET...

...AND THEN I SMASH ITS BRAINS OUT.

THE SMELL IS TERRIBLE, AND ONCE THE ADRENALINE RUSH HAS PASSED I THROW UP.

AFTER THAT I *WAIT*.

JUST WAIT.

HEINZ? ERNST? WAIT A MINUTE...

I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.

WHAT IS IT?

IT LOOKS LIKE IT USED TO BE A GUN. THAT DOG. WHAT AN ANIMAL IT IS...

HEY! HEY, UP HERE! I SEE SOMETHING, LYING IN THE PATH. IT'S...

THE WHITE MAN? IS IT THE UBERMENSCH?

N-NO. NO, NOT UBERMENSCH.

UBERHUND.

SCHEISSE.

BUT...IF THE DOG IS DEAD, THEN WHERE IS HE? GUNTER SAID HE WOULD BE DEFENSELESS FOR ONLY AN HOUR, AND THEN...

VUHVOOOM

OH NO. OH NO.

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I CAN'T SEE! OH GOD, THAT NOISE! WHAT DID IT MEAN..?

IT MEANT THAT MY TIME IS UP, GENTLE-MEN.

YOURS TOO.



CONTINUED...IN THIS ISSUE

STAR LIGHT

STAR BRIGHT

FIRST STAR
I SEE TONIGHT

I WISH I MAY

I WISH I MIGHT

HAVE THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT.

# The WISH I WISH TONIGHT

ALAN MOORE
WRITER

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FORTY YEARS.

FORTY YEARS WE HAVE WAITED FOR YOU, FOR THE FIRST OF THE BLONDE GODS THAT WOULD REPLACE US.

OVERMAN.

YOU HAVE COME AT LAST.

YES.

YOU CAN GO NOW.

I DO NOT WISH TO INHERIT THE WORLD. IN IT, THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS THAT I DESIRE...

ONE IS MY WIFE,

THE OTHER IS YOU.

YOU, GARGUNZA.

YOU.

...WHO MANIPULATED MY LIFE; WHO ABDUCTED MY LOVER; WHO ATTEMPTED TO KILL ME; WHO THREATENED TO HARM MY UNBORN CHILD...

OH, GARGUNZA. GARGUNZA, GARGUNZA, GARGUNZA.

I BEGIN TO MOVE.

TO MOVE; FAST AND HARD THROUGH THIS FRAGILE PLACE, THIS PAPER WORLD MEN LIVE IN.

THE HOUSE OF MY ENEMY HAS BRIGHT LIGHTS. I SEE THEM THROUGH THE BRITTLE TREES.

I'M COMING, OLD MAN.

I'M COMING.

RED JEWELS CRAWL DOWN MY ARMS, ACROSS MY FACE, PROPELLED BY THE SLIPSTREAM.

I GO UP.

I FLEX MY BACK, SO THAT THE STARS AND TREES FLIP OVER...

I COME DOWN.

RUKKUNCH

GUNTER?

KLESH

CHITTINK

KRITTISH

...SHAKING..?

GUNTER, WHERE ARE YOU?

WHAT IS IT? IS IT AN EARTHQUAKE? WHY IS EVERYTHING...

SKLASSH

the gladiator P. MALE

KLUTJMP

PLINC

YOU START TO SPEAK YOUR OVER-RIDE WORD, ALMOST BY REFLEX...

AB-

...BUT THEN MY HAND IS ABOUT YOUR THROAT...

...AND I AM CRUSHING YOUR LARYNX...

...AND YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL.

YOU. YOU ARE THE THING THAT MADE ME; COVETING MY POWER, LONGING TO BE AS I WAS.

DID YOU EVER UNDERSTAND THAT WHICH YOU THIRSTED AFTER, EVER COMPREHEND WHAT YOU HAD CREATED?

I THINK NOT.

COME...

COME UP WITH ME, AND I WILL SHOW YOU ALL THAT YOU WISHED FOR. I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS TO BE AS I AM.

I WILL SHOW YOU THE WORLD THAT YOU HAVE LOST.

WE ARE IN THE UPPER STORIES OF THE SKY NOW. THE AIR IS ALMOST TOO THIN TO BREATHE, AND THE FROST ETCHES PETRIFIED FERNS ON YOUR SPECTACLES.

CAN YOU STILL SEE?

CAN YOU SEE THE PLANET, HOW BIG IT IS? CAN YOU SEE THE SCALE I LIVE ON?

GARGUNZA, CAN YOU SEE HOW SMALL YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN?

THE HEAT DRAINS FROM YOUR BODY. YOUR EYES CLOUD, BARELY CONSCIOUS, FIXED UPON THE SWIRLING BLUE GIANT BELOW.

IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED THEN? TO HAVE ALL THE WORLD SPREAD BENEATH YOU? TO KNOW WHAT GODS KNOW?

THESE WISHES ARE SMALL, AND EASILY SATISFIED. YOU WERE MY ***CREATOR***, ALMOST MY ***FATHER***, AND I GRANT THEM ***FREELY***, AS MY PARTING ***GIFT***.

GOODBYE, GARGUNZA.

GOODBYE.

STAR LIGHT

WOOMF

STAR BRIGHT

FIRST STAR THAT I SEE TONIGHT

I WISH I MAY

I WISH I MIGHT

PTOK

HAVE THE WISH
I WISH TONIGHT.



TO BE CONTINUED...